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WAITERS.

Who knows anything about the natural history of waiters? Present in all lodging-places, with a home in none—moving in the midst of travellers, though never stepping beyond the door of the house in which they live—they form one of the most singular classes in the modern world. Though, probably, on examination, they would be found human enough, yet at first the idea of a waiter shedding tears, making a will, or an offer of marriage, or having a tooth drawn, or, in fact, doing anything but wait, could not get itself admitted without a little hitch or hesitation.

Where do they come from? Where do they learn their craft? We see volunteers, nay, sometimes militia-men, at drill. Ploughmen lead the horses before they drive the plough, artisans pass an apprenticeship, surgeons walk the hospital, and even the grand gentlemen who sit in government offices have an examination in spelling before they draw their salaries; but who ever heard of a school for waiters! My belief is, they appear full-dressed, with napkins under their arms, like Pallas. Once here, they never seem to hesitate or fail; and yet their work is arduous, intricate, and incessant, requiring not only ready wit, but both dexterity and strength of arm. I have, however, often noticed that in advertisements they describe themselves as single-handed, as if a watchman were to beg particular attention to the fact of his having only one eye.

Excluded by professional engagements from the use of conventional meal-times, do waiters sit down to their dinner, or shoot it flying? Where do they sleep, oil their hair, and put on their shirt-fronts? Have they any guilds, lodges, or other brotherly associations and meetings? What are their amusements? A countryman once thought he had found them at their winter-play; he noticed a set of men in tail-coats and white ties scudding about a patch of ice on the Serpentine, about the size of a coffee-room, but it turned out to be the Skating Club.

Some little time ago, I had a good opportunity of observing the movements of a waiter kept in a seaport town. We were in no hurry, and so we stopped there till the rain was over. There was, as tourists say, nothing to see. The inn, which was also a station and a custom-house, had a railway terminus at the front, and a packet-wharf at the back-door. The land-view consisted of saltings; the sea-view, of a muddy tidal harbour—both backed by bare bleak downs. We arrived late at night, intending to sail the next morning; but it blew and rained, and then did both together so viciously, that we gave it up, and spent a wet day at the station. Before,

however, we settled to stop, we went on board the steamer, moved our luggage, took berths, and made up our minds to bear the usual inconveniences of a rough passage across the channel in a long narrow boat, which heaved as if it were breathing, even in the sheltered harbour. But the wind still rose, and so we all returned to the hotel.

It was during the mental parenthesis which followed, on being suddenly prostrated and set to begin a new bill at the inn from which we had just cleared out, that I gave my mind to the waiter. One could not keep up an interest all day in the zigzag jerky course of fat rain-drops down the window. Some of our fellow-passengers smoked, some ate incessantly; a group of wet Frenchmen sat apart, limp and moody, like barn-door fowls in a shower; some of the party went to sleep. Not so the waiter—for there was but one. A double day's work had come upon him. The last wave of travellers had been thrown back, and met the tide from town, until it filled the house. Having nothing to do, they all wanted something 'to take,' immediately. Idleness is the hardest work in the world; the idle man never knows what it is to rest, and so must be fed accordingly. When a number of them get together and help one another, they necessarily consume a vast amount of victual. But, as I have said, our waiter multiplied himself, and met all demands. Waiting is a gift, and exhibits some most remarkable combinations of mental power. It is not enough to say that a waiter has to recollect the different orders he receives, and execute them at once; this does not do him justice. On the continent, his task is much facilitated by the table-d'hôte, for in England, our insular dissociable habits make a waiter's post a hundredfold more hard. You are not conducted to the same spot at the dinner-table day after day; you do not dine at a fixed hour, but sit down when and where you like. The waiter must bear in mind the number of your room, and connect that with the various items of your capricious and particular meals. There were a good many people in our inn; the number of our room was 29, and that was on the first floor. The second was also full. Here were a set of new faces to be learned only for one night. Each tenant had, say, three meals—dinner, tea, breakfast. Now, considering that the minute details of all these had to be remembered, chops to be associated with A, soup with B, sherry and water with this man, soda and brandy with that, bottled stout or draught ale with a third—all being of various prices; considering, too, that the stream of permutations and combinations of customers went on for hours, and that all had to be presented with so many

bills, without entanglement or substitution, at the same moment, the next morning, under the trying pressure of a steamer's departure, and the arrival of a fresh trainful of passengers, merely passing through the house, but calling for goes of this, that, or the other, at the bar as they hurried by—biscuits, cigars, with 'I've no small-change,' 'I've nothing but French money,' &c., while the amount was being made out—considering all this, I say, it required an eye and memory of no common power to perform the duties of a waiter.

Besides being able to fix and arrange a crowd of facts in his mind, the waiter must be able to dismiss them at once; to sponge the slate of his memory, and begin to cover it again immediately with details, whose very similarity is the most dangerous and perplexing part of the business—and this, day after day, week after week. With all these duties, the waiter must not stop to think. With a head full of orders on the point of being discharged, he must submit to be called back for a spoon, or to say where the coat with an umbrella strapped to it, not the shawl with the parasol, was put, when No. 17 came back from the boat, and changed his room to No. 37.

Only a waiter! Why, no prime minister in his place in presence of a jealous minority can need greater promptness, accuracy, and elasticity of mind. The waiter, indeed, answers at a disadvantage; he has no notice of questions, but is expected to be always at his post, ready with a reply, in a house where government business, as well as that of private members, is being conducted through continuous sittings, morning, noon, and night, for the whole period of his holding office. Indeed, a waiter must not only have his wits about him, but wits of a remarkable order. Unlike many with his own income, he cannot see his work grow under his hand; he cannot hope to perform it mechanically like a man laying bricks, or rowing a boat; he is always beginning intercourse with strangers.

See how grateful he evidently is for kind consideration! Who would not relieve the anxious monotony of his work with a pleasant word? Who would grudge him the small gratuity, so that he may at last settle down in some business, in which he is not only the jaded medium between the producer and consumer, but a sharer in the main profits along with the trim chamber-maid? Let us hope they may save enough, ere long, to club their fortunes, and to possess, though it be a humble one, a bar of their own.

STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

WITHIN the last few years, a new machine has made its appearance in the world of practical invention, which to all appearance is destined, in the course of time, to acquire an infinite importance. It is of small dimensions, of few parts, and of simple construction; but it embodies a very large amount of successful ingenuity, and is capable of very extensive application. Although it has hitherto only attracted the notice of large manufacturers, it will in the end find a place in every household. In a few years, no mother of a family, placed in a social stratum one degree above the lowest, will think of dispensing with the Sewing-machine, any more than she would think of dispensing with her cooking-range.

A considerable space might be occupied by an enumeration of the articles to which this machine has been applied. Suffice it to say, that thick leather and the most delicate fabrics of the loom, the coarsest sails, the choicest lace, garments of every kind, coats, trousers, shirts, collars, stays, caps, boots, and even hose for draining the mines of California, have all been subjected to the operation of this machine. If any of our readers has been in a court of law when a

trial connected with sewing-machines has been occupying the attention of grave judge and puzzled jury, he would have seen one part of the place filled with a miscellaneous heap of objects that looked like a selection from the stores of some great outfitter to all parts of the world. The manufacture of clothing for the army and navy, for poor-houses, and for emigrants, is greatly assisted by this invention; while as an industrial instrument in the hands of women, it is of exceeding value.

It will give some notion of the ingenuity expended upon contrivances for sewing by machinery, to state that in this country there have been about one hundred and eighty patents taken out since the beginning of the year 1853, in respect of inventions connected with this branch of art. Some of these patents are for modifications of a trifling nature, but others are in respect of important improvements. The essential features of all are, however, the same, and consist, firstly, of a needle suspended at the extremity of an arm, to which an up-and-down motion is communicated; and, secondly, of the apparatus for moving the article to be sewed in a direction at right angles to the motion of the needle. As the needle rapidly inserts a stitch, the cloth is moved regularly along at a speed which can be increased or diminished at will, and thus the length of the stitch can be governed so as best to suit the work on hand. Sewing-machines may be roughly classed as single-thread machines and double-thread machines. In the former, the thread, which passes through an eye near the point of the needle, is pushed through the cloth in the form of a loop, and a piece of apparatus stationed on the under-side of the cloth catches hold of this loop, and retains it until the needle, making another stroke, passes another loop through the preceding one. This latter loop is then caught hold off in the same way, and so on, *ad infinitum*. In the other class, two threads are employed. One of these is carried by the needle which is hung on the upper side of the cloth, and the other by some kind of device placed below the cloth. Sometimes, for instance, it is a shuttle which shoots the second thread through a loop of the first thread left by the needle after it has made its stroke, and has begun to ascend. Sometimes it is a second needle placed on the underside of the cloth, and bearing a thread which is passed in the form of a loop through the loop which has been brought through the cloth by the upper needle. In this way, loop is continually passing through loop. Some machines make very good work, but at a slow speed; others sew a strong seam, but at a large expenditure of thread; others, again, make a seam sufficiently strong for ordinary purposes, at a minimum expenditure of thread. In order to shew the great saving of labour which this machine effects, it may be stated that it has been ascertained by experiment that it can put in two hundred and forty stitches in a minute, whilst a fast sewer by hand can only make about forty-five stitches in the same space of time; and manufacturers assert, that one machine and three hands will do as much work as ten or twelve hands.

In America, from one reason or another, much greater enterprise has been displayed on the part of the manufacturers of sewing-machines than in this country. In Boston and other cities, companies have been formed, who have built large factories, where every part of the machine is made, put together, and sold to the public at a much cheaper rate than similar machines are sold for here. These companies have embarked a large capital in the business; each turns out many thousand machines in the course of a year, and each expends several thousand pounds in advertising alone. Directly or indirectly, they employ peddlers to itinerate from house to house—Sam Slicks in a new trade—for the purpose of impressing the inhabitants with the desirableness of buying machines,

and instructing them in their use. There is much competition between these companies, which keeps the price of the machines low, and they are in the habit of breaking ground in distant parts of the country, where they will carry on business at a loss for years before any profit is realised. So complete are some of these establishments, that they have called into counsel engineers and mechanics for the special purpose of constructing machinery and tools for making the separate pieces of which the sewing-machine is composed—special machinery for making special machinery—one end in view being that in each class of machine (for there are several classes), each part in one machine shall be an exact duplicate of the same part in another machine. The advantage of this arrangement is that, in the event of an injury to any particular part of a machine, which may be at work perhaps in a locality far distant from the seat of manufacture, a duplicate of that part needs only to be supplied, to make the machine just as effective as before. It will be easily conceived that very great nicety is required in the structure of the several parts, and the adaptation of one part to another, in order to obtain the proper co-operation of the whole, and the turning out of neat and good work.

The number of sewing-machines now in use in the United States of America amounts to several hundred thousand, and is rapidly increasing. Taking the saving to manufacturers at the low rate of five shillings a day for each machine, the saving on the whole number employed throughout the country must be enormous. From certain detailed computations recently made on the other side of the Atlantic, it appeared that the yearly saving in the city of New York alone, by the use of the machine, was upwards of a million and a half sterling; whilst in Massachusetts, in the manufacture of boots and shoes, the labour-value of its performance was another million and a half. In Great Britain, the number of machines in use is much smaller than in America, and probably does not exceed a few thousand. This result has proceeded partly from the great litigation that has been going on here for some years, which alarmed the persons who would otherwise have availed themselves of machines, and partly from the heavy royalties exacted by the owners of patents.

Like many other useful inventions of modern times, the sewing-machine was first brought to a practical shape on the other side of the Atlantic. Human labour is there so expensive, that ingenuity is ever on the stretch to substitute machine-work for hand-work. Hence a vast number of contrivances, some very simple, others as complex, for effecting by machinery what is elsewhere done by living forces.

Let us summon the inventor of this useful apparatus into court, and hear his story. His name is Elias Howe; he is a citizen of the United States of America, and a machinist. Speak up, then, Elias Howe, machinist, that we may hear what you have to say.

I commenced the invention of my sewing-machine as early as 1841, when I was twenty-two years of age. Being then dependent upon my daily labour for the support of myself and my family, I could not devote my attention to the subject during the working-hours of the day, but I thought upon it when I could, day and night. It grew upon me till, in 1844, I felt impelled to yield my whole time to it. During this period, I worked upon my invention mentally as much as I could, having only the aid of needles, and such other small devices as I could carry in my pockets, and use at irregular intervals of daily labour at my trade. I was then poor, but, with promises of aid from a friend, I thereafter devoted myself exclusively to the construction and practical completion of my machine. I worked alone in an upper room in my

friend's house, and finished my first machine by the middle of May 1845. This was a period of intense and persistent application of all the powers I possessed to the practical embodiment of my mechanical ideas into a successful sewing-machine. I soon tested the practical success of my first machine, by sewing with it all the principal seams in two suits of clothes, one for myself, and one for my friend. Our clothes wore as well as any made by hand-sewing.

I have my first machine still; and it will now sew as good a seam as any sewing-machine known to me. My first machine was described in the specification of my patent; and I then made a second machine, to be deposited as a model in the Patent Office. I then conveyed one-half of my invention and patent to my friend for 500 dollars: in fact, though a much larger sum (10,000 dollars) was named in the deed, on his suggestion. My patent was issued on the 10th of September 1846. I made a third machine, which I tried to get into use on terms satisfactory to myself and my friend. For this purpose, I endeavoured to attract notice to it by working with it in tailors' shops, and exhibiting it to all who desired to become acquainted with it. After my patent was obtained, my friend declined to aid me further. I then owed him about 2000 dollars; and I was also in debt to my father, to whom I conveyed the remaining half of my patent for 2000 dollars. Having parted with my whole title, and having no means for manufacturing machines, I was much embarrassed, and did not know what to do. My brother, Amasa B. Howe, suggested that my invention might succeed in England, where, if patented, it would be wholly under my control; and on my behalf, with means borrowed of my father, my brother took my third machine to England, to do the best he could with it. He succeeded in selling my machine and invention for L.200 in cash, and a verbal agreement that the purchaser should patent my invention in Great Britain in his own name; and if it should prove successful, to pay me L.3 royalty on each machine he made or sold under the patent. He also agreed to employ me in adapting my machine to his own kind of work at L.3 a week wages. The purchaser obtained a patent for my machine in England; and I went to London to enter his employment. I there made several machines with various modifications and improvements, to suit his peculiar kind of work, and they were put to immediate use; but afterwards we ceased to be friendly, and I was discharged from his employment. In the meantime my wife and three children had joined me in London. I had also, at the suggestion of another person, endorsed a L.100 note, on which I was afterwards sued and arrested; but I was finally released on taking the poor debtor's oath. By small loans from fellow-mechanics, and by pawning a few articles, I managed to live with my family in London until, from friendly representations from some American acquaintances, the captain of an American packet was induced to take my wife and children home to the United States upon credit. I was then alone, and extremely poor in a foreign land. My invention was patented and in successful use in England, but without any profit to me, and wholly out of my control. In the spring of 1849, I was indebted to a Scotch mechanic for a steerage passage, and I returned to the United States poorer if possible than when I left. On my return, I found my wife and children very destitute; all their personal effects, except what they had on, being still detained to secure the payment for their passage home. My wife was sick, and died within ten days after my arrival. During my absence in England, a considerable number of sewing-machines, embracing my invention, had been made and put into operation in different parts of the United States, some of them by the procurement of the friend to whom I had sold half my American patent, or under rights derived

from him, but most of them in infringement of my patent.

Having obtained an agreement from my father in the summer of 1849, to re-convey to me his half of my patent, I tried to induce the friend who held the other half to join me in prosecuting our rights against infringers, but he declined to do so. After failing to make any satisfactory settlement with infringers, who well knew my poverty and embarrassments, I filed a bill in equity against one of such persons, and made my friend a party defendant also, in order to bring him into court as co-owner of my patent. After this he joined me in a suit at law against another infringer. In this case, the validity of my patent was fully established by a verdict and judgment at law. After several transfers of the half-share sold to my friend, I purchased it back about five years ago; and I am now sole owner of my American patent.

Since the period that I became possessed once more of the whole of my patent, I have given my entire time and attention to the advancement of the sewing-machine business, and have endeavoured to co-operate with my licensees in supplying the American public with good machines at reasonable prices. Nearly all the time, there has been more or less litigation growing out of infringements, or out of entangled claims to rights under it. Since I was able, I have kept a private workshop with steam-power and tools, for the purpose of making and practically testing such experiments as were deemed likely to improve the best machines known, with a view to simplify their construction, increase their power and durability, and reduce their cost. I have endeavoured to keep myself thoroughly informed of the progress of the art of sewing by machinery in all its branches. I have freely aided other inventors in ways most desirable and useful to them in improving the art. I have never used my patent while under my control in the spirit of monopoly. Since 1844, my time, thoughts, and all the means I possessed, have been devoted to the improvement and introduction of my invention into use, so that the present generation as well as myself might receive the greatest possible benefit from it.

My patented machine consists of few parts, but these parts are of novel construction, combination, and arrangement. I believe that mine was the first automatic machine capable of sewing in the manner now universally adopted. It embodied, for the first time, in a single machine, all the parts required for properly holding the article to be sewed, and supplying it to the machine—feeding, as it is called, stitch by stitch, in such a manner that the stitches should be regularly spaced and set. With this was combined the mechanism for driving the needle through the cloth, and for drawing the thread to its proper state of tension, so as to make a firm seam. The mechanism thus combined, formed, to the best of my belief, the first machine capable of attaching two pieces of cloth together by means of stitches; and it has been the foundation of the art of sewing by machinery as it now exists. My invention, I consider, has been both the root and the trunk upon which all subsequent inventions have been grafted.

As to the English patent, I have hitherto failed to obtain any compensation for my invention from the person to whom I sold it, though, I am told, he has recovered heavy damages against infringers, and has already realised a large fortune from licences at a high royalty. And so, out of the United States, loss rather than profit has accrued to me from my invention, though it is a source of great profit to others. At the time when I obtained my patent, I was wholly inexperienced in business transactions of any kind; and I had no conception of the unscrupulous and artful practices of speculators and infringers. Of these practices, I have since had bitter experience. In all my litigation to enforce my patent against infringers,

it has uniformly been sustained. It has never been successfully impeached in court, for want of novelty or any other cause, in any of my numerous suits.

My invention practically originated a new art—namely, sewing by machinery as a substitute for sewing by hand. It opened to inventors a new field, which they have eagerly cultivated, as the records of the Patent Office testify. It gave to machinists a new machine of general and permanent demand. It gave to needlewomen a new instrument of profitable labour, by which their condition has been greatly improved. It has, through subsequent improvements, and by being adapted to all kinds of sewing, secured to the world a new and efficient machine, whereby some of the most common and pressing wants of the public and of families are more cheaply and abundantly supplied. It has also given rise to several subsidiary trades, such as the manufacture and sale of machine-needles, and the manufacture and sale of machine-silk. Moreover, its utility is of a nature to increase with the progress of civilisation.

I do not fear contradiction when I say that my invention has, directly and indirectly, largely increased the wealth of the world. In the United States alone, thousands of persons, male and female, now find remunerative employment in the manufacture, sale, and use of sewing-machines. The capital invested in that business has been mostly created by that business, and now amounts to millions of dollars. Each sewing-machine in use is a productive agency, adding its daily product to the stock of public wealth.

And so closes Elias Howe's story. In its general features, it is marvellously like what other ingenious inventors have told the world: a story of talent and perseverance, embarrassed by every kind of difficulty, but working out a result that is a benefit to mankind, whilst bringing on its originator troubles and anxieties that might well break the stoutest spirit. It is, however, satisfactory to know, that in this case the inventor will not altogether lose his merited reward; for he has recently succeeded in procuring an extension of the term of his American patent, and will thereby, if life be spared, be the recipient of several thousands of pounds sterling per annum during the next seven years.

THE WILD HUNTRESS.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.—SUSPICIOUS APPEARANCES.

THE Indians came crowding around the corpse—both warriors and women. Their exclamations betokened no sympathy. Even the squaws looked on with un pitying aspect—though the victim was of their own race and sex. They knew she had been allied with their enemies; and had been witnesses of her savage assault upon *Maranee*, though ignorant of its motive. Some of them who had lost kindred in the strife, already stirred by grief and fury, were proceeding to insult the lifeless and mutilated remains—to mutilate them still more!

I turned away from the sickening sight. Neither the dead nor the living, that composed this ghastly tableau, had further interest for me.

My glance, wandering in search of other forms, first fell upon that of Wingrove. He was standing near, in an attitude that betokened extreme prostration of spirit. His head drooped forward over his breast; but his eyes were not directed to the ground: they were turned upward, gazing after a form that was passing away. It was that of the huntress. She had regained her horse; and was riding off, followed by the dog. She went slowly—as if irresolute both as to the act and the direction. In both, the horse appeared to have his will: the reins rested

loosely upon his withers, while his rider seemed wrapped in a silent abstraction.

I was hastening towards my Arab, with the design of joining her, when I saw that I was anticipated. Another had conceived a similar intention. It was Wa-ka-ra.

The young chief, still on horseback, was seen spurting out from the midst of his men, and guiding his war-steed in the direction taken by the huntress. Before I could reach my horse, he had galloped up, and falling into a gentler pace, rode on by her side.

I did not attempt to follow them. However ill-timed the interview, or whatever might be its object, it was not for me to interfere. Even had I risked the rudeness, the policy of doing so would have been doubtful; and it was chiefly this thought that restrained me. Somewhat chagrined at having my designs interrupted, I gave up the intention of mounting my horse, and turned back towards Wingrove.

As soon as I was near enough to read the expression upon his features, I saw that my chagrin was more than shared by him. An emotion of most rancorous bitterness was burning in the breast of the young backwoodsman. His glance was fixed upon the two forms slowly receding across the plain. He was regarding every movement of both with that keen concentrated gaze, which jealousy alone can give.

'Nonsense, Wingrove!' said I, reading the thoughts of his heart. 'Don't let that trouble you: there's nothing between them, I can assure you.'

Verily, I was not so confident in offering this assurance. For the Indian, I could not answer. Though he were the coldest of his continent race—as bronze or marble—he could scarcely fail to be stirred by the contemplation of such a companion? There might be nothing on *her* side? and yet, withal, the Utah chief was a splendid specimen of humanity: to all appearance, and by all accounts, noble and chivalric—certainly brave and handsome—with a figure scarcely surpassed by that of Phœbus, and features that, even under the spoiling of the war-paint, proclaimed their elegant outlines. And this maiden of acute perceptions—herself a *sang-mêlée*—of strong passions and powers—might she not have perceived these high qualities? Might she not have looked upon them with prodilection? But for the love-scene lately enacted, I should have regarded an affirmative answer to the question as not only possible, but probable. Even now, as I looked after the two forms, and noted the bearing of the savage chief, as in close converse, he bent gallantly over to the ear of his beautiful *protégée*—while she, on her part, seemed less to droop with despondence—I could almost fancy a relationship between them fatal to the peace of my companion.

But no—no! The scene, I had so lately witnessed between her and Wingrove, was wreathed with acts and expressions of still greater endearment. The fond clasp of the hands—the love-light burning in the eyes of both, plainly mutual and reciprocal—were proofs of a true attachment—one that the veriest coquette could not have shaken off in such hasty fashion. Impossible! The scenes might, and did, present a certain similarity; but both could not be genuine?

Poor Wingrove! It was not in his power to reason thus—no more than in that of any other circumstance as he. The lover's heart may be wrong by doubts—even before the echoes of the affirming oath have ceased to vibrate on his ear!

'It's kind o' you, capt'n,' rejoined he; 'but arter all that's passed, I don't know what to think. If she's false arter that, an' wi' an Indyan too, by Heaven, I'd feel like killin' o' her! oh!'

A groan followed the hypothetical threat.

'Come, comrade! calm your passion. There's nothing whatever to justify your suspicions—on *her* side, I am sure of it: she has herself told me so.'

'Sure, capt'n, she kuden't love both o' us?'

I could not help smiling at the question—uttered as it was in a tone of innocent but earnest appeal. I hastily replied in the negative.

'She hes but this minnit told me she loved me; said it, an' wud a swore to it, if I hed liked. I war as happy as the flowers o' May: for it war the first time she iver said that wi' her own lips; an' jest look now!—look yonder!'

With the shadow deepening more darkly on his brow, he nodded towards those of whom we were speaking. Certainly the spectacle was enough to excite the suspicions of a less jealous lover—if not to justify them. Both the equestrians had halted at a distant part of the plain. They were not so distant, but that their attitudes could be told. They still remained on horseback; but the horses were side by side, and so near each other, that the bodies of their riders appeared almost touching. The head of the chief was bent forward and downward; while his hand appeared extended from his side, as if grasping that of the huntress!

It was a fearful tableau for a lover to contemplate—even at a distance; and the white lips, clenched teeth, and quick irregular beating of Wingrove's heart—perfectly audible to me as I stood beside him—told with what terrible emotions the picture was inspiring him.

I was myself puzzled at the attitude of the Utah chief—as well as the silent complaisance with which his attentions appeared to be received.

It certainly had the seeming of gallantry—though I was loath to believe in its reality. In truth I could not give credence to such a thought. It was not human nature—not even woman's—to play false in such *sans façon*.

The appearance must certainly be a deception?

I was endeavouring to conjecture an explanation, when a moving object attracted my attention. It was a horseman who appeared upon the plain, beyond where the huntress and the chief had halted. To our eyes, he was nearly in a line with them—approaching down the valley from the upper cañon—out of which he had evidently issued. He was still at a considerable distance from the other two; but it could be seen that he was coming on at full gallop and straight towards them. In a few moments, he would be up to where they stood.

I watched this horseman with interest. I was in hopes he would keep on his course, and interrupt the scene that was annoying myself, and torturing my companion.

I was not disappointed in the hope. The hurrying horseman kept straight on; and having arrived within a few paces of the ground occupied by the others, he drew his horse to a halt.

At the same instant, the Utah chief was seen to separate from his companion; and riding up to the stranger, appeared to enter into conversation with him.

It had the show of being some matter of interest or secrecy between them: since they remained apart, as if in earnest converse.

After some minutes had elapsed, the chief faced round to the huntress; and apparently giving utterance to some parting speech, headed his horse towards the butte, and along with the stranger, came galloping downward.

The huntress kept her place; but I saw her dismount, and stoop down over the dog, as if caressing him.

I resolved to seize the opportunity of speaking with her alone; and, bidding Wingrove to wait for my return, I once more hastened towards my horse.

Perhaps I should encounter the chief on the way? perhaps he might not exactly like the proceeding? But Marian must be communicated with upon something besides matters of love; and my honest intention

rendered me less timid about any idle construction the savage might please to put upon my conduct.

Thus fortified, I leaped to the back of my steed, and hurried off upon my errand.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

A FRESH ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

As we rode in counter-directions, I met the chief almost on the instant. I was slightly surprised that he passed, without taking notice of me! He could not fail to guess whither I was going: as I was heading straight for the huntress; and there was no other object to have drawn me in that direction. He did not even appear to see me! As he passed at a rapid pace, his eyes were bent forward upon the butte, or turned towards the horseman who galloped by his side. Perhaps the communication which the latter had just made to him was absorbing his thoughts? This might account for his indifference to the movement I was making?

The strange horseman was an Indian. From the absence of the war-costume, I could tell he had not been engaged in the late conflict, but had just arrived from some distant journey—no doubt, a messenger who brought news. His jaded horse and dusty garb justified this conjecture.

Equally desirous of shunning an encounter, I passed the two horsemen in silence, and kept on my course.

As I drew near to the huntress-maiden, I was speculating on the reception I might expect, and the explanation I ought to give. How would she receive me? Not with much grace, I feared; at all events, not till she should hear what I had to say. The ambiguous and ill-timed appearance of the Chicasaw, combined with the sinister and dramatic incident which followed, must have produced on her mind eccentric and erroneous impressions. The effect would naturally be to falsify, not only the protestations of her lover, but my own testimony borne in his behalf, and indeed all else she had been told. It was not difficult to predict an ungracious reception.

As I approached, she gave over caressing the dog; and sprang to the back of her horse. I was in fear that she would ride off, and shun me. I knew I could easily overtake her; but a chase of this nature would scarcely have been to my liking. She seized hold of her bridle, and for a moment seemed irresolute; but curiosity as to what I might have to communicate—perhaps some stronger feeling—at length usurped the sway: the rein dropped from her fingers, and in an attitude of listless indifference she awaited my approach.

Even after I had ridden up to her side, she gave neither glance nor gesture of recognition; but, murmuring some words of endearment to the dog, appeared to be alone interested in the movements of the animal!

'Marian Holt!' I said in a tone of gentle remonstrance, 'your suspicions are unjust—I have come to offer you an explanation.'—

'I need none,' interrupted she in a quiet voice, but without raising her eyes. A gentle wave of her hand accompanied the words. I thought both the tone and the gesture were repellent; but soon perceived that I was mistaken.

'I need none,' she repeated, 'all has been explained.' 'Explained! How?' I inquired taken by surprise at the unexpected declaration.

'Wa-ka-ra has told me all.'

'What!—of Su-wa-nee?'

A gesture of assent was the answer.

'I am glad of this. But Wa-ka-ra! how knew he the circumstances?'

'Partly from the Mexican, to whom your people have communicated them—partly from the captive Arapahoes. Enough—I am satisfied.'

'And you forgive Wingrove?'

'Forgiveness now lies upon his side. I have not

only wronged him by my suspicions, but have reviled him. I deserve his contempt. I can scarcely hope to be forgiven.'

Light had broken upon me—bright light it was for Wingrove! The suspicious *duetto* with the Utah chief was explained. Its innocence was made further manifest, by what came under my eyes at the moment. On the arm that was raised in gesture, I observed a strip of cotton wound round it above the wrist. A spot of blood appeared through the rag.

'Ha! you are wounded?' said I, noticing the bandage.

'It is nothing—merely a scratch made by the point of the knife. Wa-ka-ra has bound it up. It still bleeds a little, but it is nothing.'

It was the rôle of the surgeon, then, the chief had been playing when seen in that suspicious attitude! More light for Wingrove!

'What a fiend!' I said, my reflection directed towards Su-wa-nee. 'She deserved death!'

'Ah—poor unfortunate wretch! it was a terrible fate; and whether she deserved it or not, I cannot help feeling pity for her. I would to God it had been otherwise; but this faithful companion saw the attempt upon my life; and when any one attacks me, nothing can restrain him. It is not the first time he has protected me from an enemy. Ah me! mine has been a life of sad events—at least the last six months of it.'

I soon rescued her from these gloomy reflections. I foresaw the termination of her troubles. Their end was near. Words of cheer were easily spoken. I could promise her the forgiveness of her lover; since I knew how freely and promptly that would be obtained.

'Ah, Marian,' I said, 'a bright future is before you. Would that I could say as much for myself—for your sister Lillian!'

'Ha!' exclaimed she, suddenly excited to an extreme point of interest, 'tell me of my sister—you promised to do so? Surely she is not in danger!'

I proceeded to reveal everything—my own history—my first interview with Lillian—my love for her, and the reasons I had for believing it to be returned—the departure from Tennessee with the Mormon—our pursuit of the train, and capture by the Indians—in short, everything that had occurred, up to the hour of my meeting with herself. I added my suspicions as to the sad destiny for which her sister was designed, which my own fears hindered me from concealing.

After giving way to those natural emotions, which such a revelation was calculated to excite, the huntress-maiden suddenly resumed that firmness peculiar to her character; and at once entered with me into the consideration of some plan by which her sister might be saved from a fate, which her own experience told her could be no other than infamous.

'Yes!' cried she, giving way to a burst of anguish, 'too well know I the design of that perfidious villain. O father! lost—dishonoured! O sister! bartered—betrayed! Alas! poor Lillian!'

'Nay—do not despair!—there is hope yet. But we must not lose time. We must at once depart hence, and continue the pursuit.'

'True—and I shall go with you. You promised to take me to my home! Take me now where you will—anywhere that I may assist in saving my sister. Merciful Heaven! She, too, in the power of that monster of wickedness!'

Wingrove wildly happy—at once forgiving and forgiven—was now called to our council. The faithful Sure-shot was also admitted to the knowledge of everything: for we might stand in need of his efficient arm.

We found an opportunity of conferring apart from the Indians—for the *scalp-dance* now engrossed their whole attention; and, withdrawing some distance from the noisy ceremony, we proceeded to discuss the

possibility of rescuing Lillian Holt from the grasp of that knave into whose power the innocent girl had so unprotectedly fallen.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

PLANNING AN ABDUCTION.

Our deliberations occupied but a brief time. I had already considered the subject in all its bearings; and arrived at the conviction, that there was only one course to be followed, by which Lillian's safety could be secured—that is, her *abduction* from the Mormon train.

In this opinion her sister fully agreed. She knew it would be idle to expect that the wolf would willingly yield up his victim; and the painful thought was pressing upon her that even her own father, hoodwinked by the hypocrites that surrounded him, might reject the opportunity of saving his child! He would not be the only parent, who, blinded by this abominable delusion, has so sacrificed upon the unhallowed altar of Mormondom. Of this melancholy fact Marian was not ignorant. Her unhappy journey across the great plains had revealed to her many a strange incident—many a wicked phase of the human heart.

All agreed that Lillian must be taken from the Mormons, either by force or by stealth. It must be done, too, before they could reach the Salt Lake city. Once upon the banks of the Transatlantic Jordan, these pseudo-saints would be safe from the interference of their most powerful enemies. There the deed of abduction would be no longer possible; or, if still possible, *too late*.

Was it practicable elsewhere—upon the route? and how was it to be effected? These were the questions that occupied us.

There were but three men of us: for the Irishman, now completely *hors de combat*, must be left behind. True, the huntress-maiden, who had declared her determination to accompany us, might well be counted as a fourth—in all four guns. But what would four guns avail against more than ten times the number? Wingrove had learned from the wretched Chicasaw that there were a hundred men with the Mormon train. It was idle, therefore, to think of an abduction by force. That would have been sheer quixotism—only to end fatally for all of us.

And was it not equally idle to dream of an abduction by stealth?

Verily, it seemed so. How were we to approach this Mormon host—how enter their camp, guarded as it would be by the jealous vigilance of lynx-eyed villains? By day, it would be impossible; by night, hazardous, and equally impracticable for our purpose. We could not join company with these clannish emigrants without offering some excuse. What pretext could we put forward? Had we been strangers to them, we might have availed ourselves of some plausible story—but unfortunately it was not so. All of us, except Sure-shot, would be known to their leader. My presence, however unexpected, would at once proclaim my purpose to this keen-witted knave; and as for Marian Holt, hers would be a position of positive danger—even equalling that in which her sister was now placed. Stebbins could claim her—if not by a true husband's right, at least by the laws of Mormon matrimony; and of course by those laws would the case be judged in a Mormon camp—the apostle himself being their interpreter!

The hope which I had built upon the prospect of an alliance with Marian was, that by her intercession Lillian might be induced voluntarily to make her escape—even, if necessary, *from her father!*

I had conceived the hope too hastily—without dwelling upon the danger to Marian herself. This was now evident to Wingrove and myself. Marian, therefore, could not enter the Mormon camp. We

did not dream of submitting her to a danger that might too probably conduct to a double sacrifice—two victims instead of one.

Our thoughts now turned upon the ex-rifleman. He was the only one of us unknown to the leader of the Mormons, and to Holt himself. To Sure-shot our hopes were transferred. He might join the train on some pretext—the rest of us remaining at a distance? By his agency, a communication might be effected with Lillian herself; the proximity of her sister made known; the perils of her own situation—of which no doubt the young creature was yet entirely ignorant. Her scruples overcome by a knowledge of her own danger, she would herself aid in contriving a plan of escape?

For such a purpose, Sure-shot was the man—adroit, crafty, courageous.

It may be wondered why in this emergency we had not thought of Wa-ka-ra: surely he could have given us effective aid? With his mounted warriors, he could soon have overtaken the Mormon train, surrounded it, and dealt out the law to its leader.

We knew all this, and *did* think of Wa-ka-ra. We thought of appealing to him, and had not yet given up the design. But we had already learned the improbability of our appeal being acted upon. Marian had interpreted to us the views of the Utah chief in relation to the Mormons. These wily diplomatists had, from their first settlement in the Utah territory, courted the alliance of Wa-ka-ra and his band. They had made much of the warlike chief—had won his confidence and friendship—and at that hour the closest intimacy existed between him and the Mormon prophet. For this reason, Marian believed it would require a stronger motive, than mere personal friendship, to make him act as their enemy.

'Perhaps,' thought I, 'in this he *may* have a stronger motive. Or has the Utah chief so long contemplated his fair *protégée* only with the eye of *friendship*? If so, his heart must be colder than the snow shining on yonder summit!'

I gave not utterance to these thoughts. The last hypothesis was partially true. The first and second, as I afterwards learned, were erroneous. Fortunate for Frank Wingrove that they were so!

In such an important enterprise no chance should be left untried. I was determined none should be; and therefore incited Marian to make the appeal to the Utah chief. She consented.

It was worth the experiment. Should the answer prove favourable, our difficulties would soon disappear, and we might hope for a speedy success. If otherwise, our prospects would still be the same—no worse: for worse they could scarcely be.

Marian left us, and proceeded on her errand to the chief. We saw him withdraw from the ceremonies, and, going apart, engage with her in what appeared an earnest and animated conversation. With hopeful hearts we looked on. Wingrove was no longer jealous. I had cured him with a hint; and the bandaged arm of his betrothed had explained the delicate attentions, which the Indian had been seen to bestow upon her.

The dialogue lasted for ten minutes—the speakers at intervals glancing towards us; but we knew the theme, and patiently awaited the issue.

It was soon to be declared to us. We saw the chief wave his hand—as a signal that the conversation was ended; and the speakers parted. Wa-ka-ra walked back among his warriors, while Marian was seen returning towards us.

We scrutinised her countenance as she approached, endeavouring to read in it what our wishes dictated—an affirmative to our appeal. Her step was buoyant, and her glance, if not gay, at least not one that betokened disappointment. We were unable to determine, however, until her words declared the answer of the chief.

As Marian had anticipated, he could not consent to act openly against the Mormons; but the tale had enlisted his sympathy; and he had even suggested a plan by which we might carry out our design without his interference. It was this: The horseman that had just arrived was a messenger from the Mormons. Unable to find the Cochetopa Pass, they were still encamped in the great valley of San Luis, on the banks of the Rio del Norte. The only one of them who had been across the plains before was their leader—Stebbins of course—and he, having gone by the Cherokee trail and Bridger's Pass, was entirely unacquainted with the route they were now following. They were in need of a guide; and having encountered the Indian at this crisis, and learned that he belonged to the band of Wa-ka-ra—not far off, as the man informed them—they had despatched him to the Utah chief, with a request that the latter would furnish them with a guide, and two or three of his best hunters.

Before Marian had ended her explanation, I had divined the scheme. We were to personate the guide and hunters. That was the suggestion of the Utah chief.

It was perfectly feasible. Nothing can be easier than to counterfeit the semblance of the American Indian. The colour of the skin is of no consequence. Ochre, charcoal, and vermilion make red man and white man as like as need be; and for the hair, the black tail of a horse, half covered and confined by the great plumed bonnet, with its crest dropping backward, is a disguise not to be detected. The proud savage doffs his eagle plumes to no living man; and even the most intrusive Mormon would not dare to scrutinise too closely the *coiffure* of a Utah Indian.

The plan was rendered further practicable by a new and able ally enlisting himself into our ranks. This was the brave trapper, 'Peg-leg,' who, from a hint given him by the Utah chief, volunteered to act as the guide. The Mexican had already conceived an instinctive antipathy towards the Mormon 'heretics'; and we might rely upon his fidelity to our cause. The scheme exactly suited the eccentric character of this singular man; and he entered upon his duties *con amore* and at once.

By his assistance we soon procured the required costumes and pigments; but neither were to be 'put on' in the presence of the Utahs. It was necessary that their chief should not be compromised by a too conspicuous 'intervention.'

The friendly chief had hinted a further promise to Marian—even an open interference in our favour—should that become necessary. He would follow close after the Mormon train; and should our design prove a failure, might then use his influence on our behalf!

This would have been the best news of all. With such a prospect, we should have had little to fear for the result; but alas! before leaving the ground, an incident occurred that threatened to prevent the Utah chief from fulfilling that promise, however formally he might have made it.

CHAPTER XC.

PROTECTOR AND PROTÉGÉE.

The incident referred to was the arrival of a scout, who, after the conflict, had followed upon the trail of the Arapahoes. This man brought the intelligence that the scattered enemy had again collected—that, while fleeing from the *route*, they had met with a large war-party of their own tribe—accompanied by another of their allies, the Cheyennes; that both together formed a band of several hundred warriors; and that they were now marching towards the valley of the Huerfano—to take revenge for the defeat which the Red-Hand had sustained!

This unexpected news brought the scalp-dance to

an abrupt termination; and changed the whole aspect of the scene. The women, with loud cries, rushed towards their horses—with the intention of betaking themselves to a place of security; while the warriors looked to their arms—determined to make stand against the approaching foe.

It was not expected that the enemy would make their attack at once; certainly not before night, and perhaps not for days. The preparations to receive them were therefore entered upon with all the coolness and deliberation that attack or defence might require.

The encounter eventually came off; but it was only afterwards that I learned the result. The Utahs were again victorious. Wa-ka-ra in this affair gave another proof of his strategic talent. He had made stand by the butte, but with only half of his warriors—distributed in such a manner as to appear like the whole band. These, with their rifles, could easily defend the mound against the arrows of the enemy; and did so, during an assault that lasted for several hours. Meanwhile, the other half of his band had been posted upon the bluffs, hidden among the cedars; and, descending in the night, they had stolen unexpectedly upon the allied forces, and attacked them in the rear. A concerted sortie from the mound had produced complete confusion in the ranks of their enemies; and the Utahs not only obtained a victory, but 'hair' sufficient to keep them scalp-dancing for a month.

As I have said, it was afterwards that these facts came to my knowledge. I have here introduced them to shew, that we could no longer depend on any contingent intervention on the part of the Utah chief; and we were therefore the more keenly conscious that we should have to rely upon our own resources.

The Utahs shewed no wish to detain us. They felt confident in their own strength, and in the fire-arms—which they well knew how to use—and, after thanking their friendly chief for the great service he had rendered us, and confiding our wounded comrade to his care, we parted from him without further ceremony.

I witnessed not his parting with Marian. Between them there was an interview, but of what nature I could not tell. The huntress had stayed behind; and the rest having ridden forward, no one of us was present at that parting scene. There may have been a promise that they should meet again: for that was expected by all of us; but whether there was, or what may have been the feelings of the Indian at parting with his pale-faced *protégée*, I was not to know.

It was difficult to believe that the young chief could have looked so long on that face, so beautifully fair, without conceiving a passion for its possessor! It was equally difficult to believe, that if this passion existed, he would have thus surrendered her to the arms of another! An act so disinterested would have proved him noble indeed—the Rolla of the North!

If the passion really did exist, I knew there could be no reciprocity. As Marian galloped up, and gazed in the eyes of the handsome hunter—now entirely her own—her ardent glance told, that Wingrove was the proud possessor of that magnificent maiden.

In volunteering to be one of our party, Marian was submitting herself to a fearful risk. That of the rest of us was trifling in comparison. In reality, we risked nothing, further than the failure of our plans; and a certain punishment, if taken in the act of abduction. But even for this the Saints would scarcely demand our lives—unless in hot blood we should be slain upon the instant.

Her position was entirely different. The Mormon apostle, whether false husband or real, could and would claim her. There was no law in that land—at all events, no power—to hinder him from acting as he should please; and it was easy to foresee what would be his apostolic pleasure. The very presence of

Wingrove would stimulate him to a terrible revenge; and should her Indian disguise be detected, Marian might look forward to a fate—already deemed by her worse than death.

She was sensible of all this; but it did not turn her from her determination. Her tender affection for Lillian—her earnest desire to save her sister from the peril, too plainly impending, rendered her reckless about her own; and the bold girl had formed the resolution to dare everything—trusting to chance and her own strong will, for the successful accomplishment of her purpose.

From that purpose, I no longer attempted to dissuade her. How could I? Without her aid, my own efforts might prove idle and fruitless. Lillian might not listen to me? Perhaps that secret influence, on which I had so confidently calculated, might exist only in a diminished degree? Perhaps it might be gone for ever? Strange to say, though I had drawn some sweet inferences from those neglected flowers, every time the *bouquet* came back to my memory, it produced a palpable feeling of pain! He who so cunningly sued, might hope for some measure of success? And she, so sweetly solicited—more dangerous than if boldly beset—had her heart withstood the sapping of such a crafty besieger? My influence might indeed be gone; or if a remnant of it still existed, it might not turn the scale against that of her father—that fearful father! What should he care for one child, who had already abetted another to her shame?

Possessed by these thoughts, then, I tried not to turn Marian from her purpose. On the contrary, I now rather encouraged it. On her influence with Lillian I had now placed my chief reliance. Without that I should have been almost deprived of hope.

It might turn out that Lillian no longer loved me. Time, or absence, may have inverted the *stylus* upon the tender page of her young heart; and some other image may have become impressed upon its yielding tablet? If so, my own would sorely grieve; but even if so, I would not that hers should be corrupted. She must not be the victim of a villain, if my hand could hinder it!

No, Lillian! though loved and lost, I shall not add to the bitterness of your betrayal. My cup of grief will be bitter enough without mingling in it the gall of revenge.

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ST CYR.

FRANÇOISE D'AUBIGNÉ, the prison-child of Niort; the little Calvinist disputant of the Ursuline convent; *La belle Indienne* of Scarron's *Hôtel de l'Impecuniosité*; the poor pensionless widow, who vainly sued for aid from the hand destined to make her queen of France in all but name—has been but harshly treated by historians. She was not by any means that compound of atheism, profligacy, hypocrisy, cunning, and cruelty described in their pages. The young and beautiful wife of an old decrepit cripple, whose face she could see only by going down on her knees, she presided over the gay assemblies that met beneath the satirist's roof without a whisper being breathed against her fair fame, without causing the abbé a moment's regret at his seemingly incongruous marriage. As Madame de Maintenon, she earned the gratitude of the queen, the respect of the royal family, the favour of the pope. Foreign princes sought her friendship; the poor, her protection. To her, posterity has attributed the religious persecutions disgracing the reign of Louis the Great, with much injustice; she was herself tolerant in the extreme, and only ceased to oppose extreme measures when she found her opposition fruitless and unavailing. The ruling passion of her life was ambition for praise, to obtain which was her great object

from the days of her childhood; her dress, manners, conversation, and actions being all regulated with a view to winning the applause of those around her. Even her charities were tainted with this vanity, and her untiring interest in the school of St Cyr was perhaps not a little sustained by its continually ministering to the master-passion of her mind.

When Turenne was making the name of *Le Grand Monarque* a terror in Europe, wounded officers might be seen begging at the palace-gates of Versailles. War might glorify their names, but it maimed their bodies, and emptied their purses. The country became so impoverished, that the poorer gentry and nobility thought themselves fortunate if they could feed and clothe their children; to educate them was out of the question. To mitigate the evil, one Madame de Brinon, an Ursuline nun, and her sister established a school at Montmorency for the reception of the daughters of decayed noblemen and gentlemen. They soon found the expenses outstrip their limited means; and shortly after the widow Scarron had assumed the name of Madame de Maintenon, her assistance was entreated in behalf of the infant charity. The king's wife responded heartily to the appeal, opening her purse, visiting the school, and finally purchasing a house at Rueil, furnishing it appropriately, and handing it over to Madame de Brinon, with a liberal supply of clothing for her pupils.

The private resources of Madame de Maintenon, however, soon proved inadequate to the ever-increasing demands made upon them. As a matter of course, she applied to Louis himself, and so effectually pleaded the cause of her young protégées, that a portion of the newly purchased estate of Noisy, near Versailles, was devoted to their service. A handsome edifice, containing spacious rooms and a beautiful chapel, and surrounded by pleasant gardens, was erected by Le Notre at a cost of 30,000 livres. The objects of this liberality took possession of their new home in February 1684. They were now divided into classes, distinguished by wearing ribbons of yellow, red, green, and blue at the waist and in the hair, study and needlework having the working-hours divided equally between them. Madame de Maintenon took an active part in the direction of the young ladies; she taught them the mysteries of court etiquette, lectured them on their toilets, superintended the cooking, and waited upon the sick. The new school became the talk of the court circle; fine ladies set the fashion of visiting Noisy; and at last the king himself honoured the place with his presence. When he entered the hall in which the girls were assembled, discipline so far prevailed over feminine curiosity, that not one pupil turned her head to look at the royal party. This so pleased the monarch, that he determined to place the institution upon a secure foundation, increase its efficiency, and make it worthy of himself and France.

A third removal was decided upon, the site selected being the village of St Cyr, some three miles from the palace, where an estate was purchased for 90,000 livres. The building of the house and the arrangement of the grounds were confided to Mansard, who completed his part at an expense of 1,400,000 livres. The furniture, tapestry, curtains, and decorations, harmonising with the colours of the classes to which the several apartments were appropriated, entailed a further outlay of 150,000 livres. The establishment was henceforth to be known as the Royal House of St Cyr, and was endowed with a revenue of 150,000 livres, which was subsequently increased to 180,000. The inmates of the new institution were limited to a superior—elected every three years—thirty-six nuns, twenty-four novices, and two hundred and fifty girls of noble birth. The latter were admitted between the ages of seven and eleven, and allowed to remain until they attained their twentieth year, dowries being provided for them, in case they entered

the matrimonial state upon leaving the school. It was wished that the scholars should be fitted for an active life in the world, rather than for the retirement of a convent. Madame de Brinon, created superior for life, drew up the regulations, being assisted by Madame de Maintenon; the king himself revised them; and they were finally submitted for approval to a council consisting of the Bishop of Chartres, the Père de la Chaise, Racine, Boileau, and the Abbé Gobelin.

As soon as the place was ready for their reception, the ladies were conveyed there in procession, preceded by priests bearing the cross, and chanting the *Veni Creator*, with the Royal Guards for their escort; and a medal was struck in commemoration of the induction of the girls into what they thought an earthly paradise.

Madame de Maintenon, for whose use certain rooms were especially reserved, often took refuge at St Cyr from the dreary round of court gaiety; here came her penitent rival, Madame de Montespan, to ask her advice, and to receive the rite of confirmation. Madame de Maintenon was the ruling spirit of the house; her will was law within its walls, the inmates looking up to her with reverence and affection. She inculcated devotion without austerity, insisted upon elegant simplicity in dress, and made the pupils cultivate correct orthography—an accomplishment even now despised in some aristocratic quarters. Voiture and Balzac were cited as models for epistolary exercises. Fearing the effect upon the mind of girlhood of reciting from the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, the latter poet was reluctantly persuaded by Madame de Maintenon to write a poem on a religious theme for the express use of the pupils of St Cyr. *Ether* was the result. To give éclat to the new drama, its first representation was to take place before the king. Madame employed the best Parisian taste and skill in providing the costumes, the scenery came from the royal painter's pencil, the music was performed by the musicians of the palace. The audience consisted of Louis, the Prince and Princess of Condé, and a very select party of the highest in the land. It was a great success, for which the poet returned thanks to Heaven in the school-chapel, on the conclusion of the performance. *Ether* became the rage. Representation after representation was given. Bossuet, Lamoignon, Madame de Coulanges, and Madame de Sevigné endorsed the favourable verdict. Bishops, priests, nobles, and ministers of state sacrificed the most urgent public or private affairs to be present at a performance. An invitation was a thing to be intrigued for. The king himself officiated as doorkeeper, and barred the entrance with his walking-stick; while the young actresses grew so enthusiastic in the matter, that they would fall on their knees behind the scenes, praying that their memories might not play them false, or their mimic powers desert them in the hour of need. Among the guests on the 5th of February 1689, were James II. of England and his queen. Fourteen days after, all amusements were suspended in consequence of the sudden death of the king's niece. The following year, *Ether* was frequently acted. At the king's desire, Racine attempted to follow up his success, and *Athalie* was produced, but under less favourable circumstances than its predecessor. Madame de Maintenon found that constant contact with the court, and the enjoyment of its plaudits and flatteries, made sad inroads upon the simplicity she wished her scholars to cultivate. In her anxiety, she would have put an end to the school theatricals altogether; to this, however, Louis would not listen, but met his wife half-way. The number of the audience was limited, and the magnificence of the costumes and properties abated. The select few allowed to sit in judgment on *Athalie* pronounced the piece to be cold and uninteresting. After this, no visitors at all were

invited to see the performance at St Cyr, but at times the young ladies acted at Versailles. Yielding to Madame de Maintenon's influence, a total reaction soon afterwards set in: literary and intellectual pursuits were proscribed, religious books alone allowed to be read, jewellery and personal ornaments entirely forbidden, and regular confessors appointed. The natural consequence followed: in 1692, the school was formally changed into a convent of the order of St Augustine.

The nuns of the convent of St Cyr took their vows at the age of eighteen. Their lives were occupied in educating seventy orphan girls. Madame de Maintenon exhorted them in public, and advised them in private. She became unwittingly the cause of great scandal to the house. Being on terms of intimacy with Madame Guyon, that lady was allowed free intercourse with the nuns. Her piety and eloquence gave her great influence over them, and the most accomplished sisters speedily became converts to the doctrines of Quietism. Warned by the Bishop of Chartres, the king at once ordered the expulsion of Madame Guyon and the confiscation of her writings. Fenelon vainly plied all his eloquence in defending her tenets; Tronson, Bossuet, and the Bishop of Chalons were unanimous in condemnation; and the works of the advocate, as well as those of his client, were forbidden at St Cyr, whither Bossuet was despatched to eradicate the heresy. Three nuns alone withstood him. One was removed by a *lettre de cachet* to Grenoble, another to Chateaudun; the most logical of the three, Madame de la Maisonfort, was sent to Meaux, whence she corresponded with the most eminent men of the time, until becoming involved in the Jansenist controversy, she was removed to Argenteuil, to expiate her talent and unorthodox notions. The king forbade the House of St Cyr ever to open its doors to the offenders, and afterwards read the sisters such a lecture on the subject, that Quietism was heard of no more within its walls.

Louis XIV. seems to have regarded the scholars of the Royal House with a kind of fatherly affection. He never commenced a campaign without requesting 'the innocent girls' to pray for him and his cause; he never failed to inform them of his successes, that his 'angels of St Cyr' might return thanks to Heaven for the victory. When the young Princess of Savoy, betrothed at the age of eleven to the Duke of Burgundy, was committed to the care of Madame de Maintenon, she placed her in the care of the sisters of St Cyr. She remained in the convent until her marriage, being frequently visited by the king, who in its pleasant gardens became another man, as he strolled about its beautiful walks, or stopped to caress some pretty orphan. The fame of the institution for piety and charitable works spread throughout France; it stood high in favour with the church; the most famous prelates, following Fenelon's example, chose it as the scene of their consecration. Bourdaloue, Fenelon, Bossuet, and Massillon filled the pulpit of the chapel of St Cyr. The superiors of other convents were eager to obtain novices from its pupils, but Madame de Maintenon discouraged them entering, saying: 'I want sons-in-law.'

Condé and Turenne gone, their successors were no match for Marlborough and Eugene; victory deserted the standard of France, and the triumph of the cause of their king no longer alleviated the grief of the pupils of St Cyr for the loss of friends and relatives. Amidst his own anxious care, Louis yet found time to visit and console them. Then came famine and its horrors. All the ornaments possessed by the inmates of the convent were sold to relieve their sisters of Gomerfontaine: imitating the example of Madame de Maintenon, they confined themselves to oat-bread, distributing the remainder of their food among the

poor. Death became busy among the friends of the House; the Bishop of Chartres, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy and their son, were lost to them in a short space of time—to be speedily followed by their great benefactor, Louis the Great. Ten days after his death, his unacknowledged wife wrote from St Cyr: 'I have seen the king die like a saint and a hero; I have quitted the world which I disliked; I am in the most agreeable retirement I can desire.' Here she lived, quietly occupying herself in prayer, teaching and conversing with the few friends whose visits she encouraged. Here she received a visit from Peter of Russia, curious to see her who had the reputation of having directed the actions of Louis XIV. for thirty years. She thus describes the interview: 'The Czar came after seven o'clock in the evening. He sat down by the head of the bed, and asked me if I was ill. I answered: "Yes." He inquired what my malady was. I replied: "Extreme old age." He seemed at a loss how to answer. His visit was brief. He drew the curtains at the foot of my bed to see me; you may be sure he was soon satisfied.' For four years, Madame de Maintenon lived in retirement. On the 15th of August 1719, after three hours' intense agony, the protectress of the House of St Cyr yielded up her life, and a cry of sorrow rang through the place. Every honour was paid to her remains: she was buried in the chapel, a slab of black marble marking her resting-place, and serving as a shrine at which young novices prayed before bidding a final adieu to the world; and before which departing maidens supplicated for strength to carry into their new life the maxims and principles inculcated within those precincts.

The new monarch did not forget the establishment. During his minority, he assured the ladies of his care and protection; the Regent also befriended them. The Infanta of Spain, betrothed to the young king, was placed under their care. When Maria Leczynski took her place, she lost no time in making friends of the nuns of St Cyr. She loved to meditate in the garden of the convent; and etiquette not permitting him to visit her at Versailles, Stanislaus met his daughter there. When he became king of Poland, he chose St Cyr for his wife's residence, and there she remained for three years, receiving daily visits from the queen of France. But evil days were drawing nigh. Cardinal Fleury prevented the royal children being educated, as the queen wished, by the ladies of the House. Dysentery and consumption made sad havoc in its ranks. Louis XV. improved the drainage, repaired the buildings, and increased its income; but the precepts of the foundress were gradually forgotten; toleration gave way to bigotry; its conductors became grasping and avaricious, until they roused public jealousy at their wealth and endowments.

In 1769, the convent was visited by Horace Walpole, who pleasantly describes what he saw. 'The first thing I desired to see was Madame de Maintenon's apartment. It consists of two small rooms, a library, and a very small chamber—the same in which the Czar saw her, and in which she died. The bed is taken away, and the room covered with bad pictures of the royal family. It is wainscotted with oak, with plain chairs of the same, covered with dark-blue damask. Everywhere else, the chairs are of blue cloth. The simplicity and extraordinary neatness of the whole house, which is vast, are very remarkable. A large apartment above, consisting of five rooms, and destined by Louis Quatorze for Madame de Maintenon, is now the infirmary, with neat white linen beds, and decorated with every text of Scripture by which could be insinuated that the foundress was a queen. . . . The young ladies, to the number of 250, are dressed in black, with short aprons of the same—the latter and their stays bound with blue, yellow, green, or

red, to distinguish their class; the captains and lieutenants have knots of a different colour-distinction. Their hair is curled and powdered; their coiffures a sort of French round-eared caps, with white tippets, a sort of cuff and tucker; in short, a very pretty dress. The nuns are entirely in black, with crape veils and long trains, deep white handkerchiefs and forehead cloths, and very long trains. The chapel is plain, but pretty. Madame de Cambis, one of the nuns, who are about forty, is beautiful as a Madonna.' (She fled to England at the Revolution, and died at Richmond in 1809.) 'The abbess has no distinction but a larger and richer gold cross; her apartment consists of two very small rooms. Of Madame de Maintenon we did not see fewer than twenty portraits. . . . We were shewn some rich *reliquaires* and the *corpo santa* that was sent to her by the pope. We were then carried into the public rooms of each class. In the first, the young ladies, who were playing at chess, were ordered to sing us the choruses of *Athalie*; in another, they danced minuets and country-dances, while a nun, not quite so able as St Cecilia, played on a violin. In the others, they acted before us the proverbs or conversations written by Madame de Maintenon for their instruction; for she was not only their foundress, but their saint, and their adoration of her memory has quite eclipsed the Virgin Mary. . . . We went to their *apothicairerie*, where they treated us to cordials, and where one of the ladies told me inoculation was a sin, as it was a voluntary detention from mass, and as voluntary a cause of eating *gras*. Our visit concluded in the garden, now grown very venerable, where the young ladies played at little games before us. After a stay of four hours, we took our leave. I begged the abbess's blessing; she smiled, and said she doubted I should not place much faith in it. She is a comely old gentlewoman, and very proud of having seen Madame de Maintenon.'

Louis XVI. was exceedingly well disposed towards the House of St Cyr; the distribution of the royal charity was intrusted to its ladies. The Revolution brought destruction; confiscation after confiscation deprived them of their revenues, and at length the Legislative Assembly ordered its suppression, each inmate receiving twenty sous per league for her travelling expenses homewards. The second girl to obey this mandate was Marie Anne—sister of one Captain Bonaparte of the artillery, the future Emperor of the French—who left St Cyr with the future Princess of Lucca on the 2d September 1792. The remainder did not disperse for some months; and it was not till the 1st of May in the following year that the last nun breathed her prayers at the tomb of Madame de Maintenon, ere she left her loved home for ever. The convent was turned into a military hospital, and the body of its foundress disinterred by the soldiers, and thrown into the cemetery. When the house was given up to the College of the Pytanée Française in 1802, M. Crouzet removed the corpse of the once powerful royal favourite into the court beneath the apartments she occupied; erected a monument, and surrounded the grave with weeping-willows. Three years after, the college in its turn gave way to the Imperial Military School. General Dattel, its president, destroyed the memorial, put the body in a box, and stowed it away with some old lumber in a garret. For thirty years, it remained undisturbed, except by the rats. In 1837, Baraguay d'Hilliers obtained permission to erect a monument to the memory of Madame de Maintenon. The abused bones were carefully collected, and placed in an oaken box, with the remains of her original coffin, some spices, the heel of her shoe, an ebony cross, and some fragments of paper and parchment found in her first grave; and a black marble mausoleum erected over her remains, simply inscribed: 'Here lies MADAME

DE MAINTENON, 1635—1719.' With the name of its foundress ends most fittingly the chronicles of the Royal House of St Cyr.

THE SECOND-SIGHT OF MR JOHN BOBELLS.

It was my privilege to pass that portion of last year which is generally assigned to summer, but which, on that occasion, was divided—the Poland of the seasons—by the other three great powers, among the rocks and lochs of Caledonia, in company with Mr John Bobells of the Stock Exchange. We sought the western wilds of that favoured country, not for the sake of shooting, of fishing, or of scenery, but for a thorough change. A change of 'hair' and a change of 'abits' was what, in the words of my metropolitan friend, his 'constitushun' wanted; and I am sure his necessities were supplied. Never on Highgate Hill, when standing with his hat in one hand, and his pocket-handkerchief in the other, had such a wind visited his perspiring brow as that which prostrated him on the highest summit of Ben Cruachan, and carried off his green umbrella into the Irish Sea. Mr Bobells ascribes his own non-accompaniment of that parachute instrument solely to the ingenious device of sticking his toes and fingers into the earth, after the manner of tent-pegs, and suffering the tempest to do its worst with his coat-tails. At a later period of our excursion, when he had changed his 'abits' so completely as to have adopted the kilt, his native modesty would not have permitted such an expedient, and there would have been, doubtless, the most injurious paragraphs in the English newspapers concerning the Highland chieftain who was blown off his property into the sea, with the usual disparaging remarks upon the natural disadvantages of estates in Scotland.

As it was once disrespectfully observed of Mr Bright, M.P., that although by art a Quaker, he was by nature designed to be an intrepid and successful prize-fighter, so it may be said of Mr John Bobells, that although circumstances had made him a stock-broker, with a Willa residence, he was characteristically adapted for the chieftainship of some indomitable clan. The case—not to make use of such a term as avidity—with which he took to 'whusky,' went half-way to prove this; while the fact of his possessing legs which it was worse than prudery to conceal, went the other half. To have seen them get in and out of the 'bus that conveyed them from Lauristinum Lodge to the city, was merely to witness broadcloth upon a large scale; but to behold them in their unadorned beauty upon his native, or at least adopted heath, was a study for more than one sculptor at a time. The regret which that manly fellow exhibited in Edinburgh, which was the last place on our way home wherein he ventured to appear in that costume—at the Highland Games, and under the fanciful designation of 'the Waterproof'—was pathetic indeed. When he placed that airy suit aside for good, he gazed upon it with much such a wistful glance as Joan of Arc may have bestowed upon her masculine garb in prison. I never, indeed, saw any man take such a pride in his legs—each of which was exactly like a perpendicular section of a balustrade. The simple western people liked him for this attribute, and also, perhaps, because he was always ready to treat them to whusky. The drunken piper of Barilochara looked upon him and loved him—if his own assertion is to be credited—as his own son; a striking example of

the strength of the domestic affections among a savage people; and the more singular, inasmuch as Mr Bobells himself was considerably older than the piper. This self-appointed parent undertook also the teaching Gaelic to his adopted offspring, and that painful task was prosecuted for hours every wet day, which in the West Highlands is equivalent to saying five days a week. The occasional skirls from the pipes, the animal noises from the man—for, whenever excited, he always screamed in his native tongue—and the struggles of my metropolitan friend to articulate so as to please his tutor, will not easily be effaced from my recollection. I will not sully this page with any attempt to set down in writing that piper's name, but although never able to pronounce it, or any resemblance to it, it will haunt me to my dying day; let it suffice to say that it was in a great number of syllables, and ended in a sound like a catherine-wheel. Bobells and he used to consume vast quantities of whusky during their educational course, and tutor and pupil would both sometimes (and the former always) take more than was good for them, or at least pleasant for other people. They would then quarrel hideously, the piper protesting that he would stab Mr John Bobells, and fumbling for that purpose in his stockings, in which curious receptacle he carried a sort of knife, and Bobells replying: 'Shtuffanonsenah,' and 'Gesh away, piper, gesh away,' in an authoritative and contemptuous tone. Eventually, however, they always parted friends; the professor of Gaelic expressing amity by some performance upon his instrument, intended to be of a eulogistic character, and the pupil, disbursing a couple of shillings, the cost of each several lesson. When I once ventured to suggest, after witnessing one of these frightful scenes, that small as was the payment, the acquisition of such a tongue under such circumstances did not seem to be worth the money, Mr Bobells then proceeded to set me right upon that subject: 'The Fraish,' observed he, impressively, 'is the language for convassation, air; the English, for oratory (and *such* a word as he made of oratory!); but the Galixer—the Galixer is that eshpeshally adapted for devoshanal purposes.'

My metropolitan friend not only acquired the vernacular of the piper, but even a considerable portion of the superstition. There were places in the vicinity of Barilochara which were tabooed to him after nightfall, on account of certain massacres of the aborigines which had occurred there in old times. He was always in perturbation lest somebody or other should see his 'wraith' or 'fetch'—those sure precursors of dissolution—and besought me not to mention it, if I ever did see them. Towards the conclusion of our residence in the Highlands, Mr John Bobells sunk into a state of despondency from which whusky itself could but temporarily elevate him, and that only to leave him, afterwards, in a state of more complete prostration. For many days he refused to give me any explanation of his cheerless circumstances, but upon the last afternoon which we spent at Barilochara he did at length unbosom himself to me, as he had done long ago to the piper.

We had wandered out to our favourite haunt, the chapel by the sea, an ecclesiastical ruin of exceeding age, with a burial-ground quite disused, except by one or two great families, who preferred—much to the detriment of carriage-springs and wear of horse-flesh—to be brought to that inconvenient cemetery, in order that their bones might mingle with those of their ancestors. It was a solitary scene enough, with the retreating tide of the loch (which was an arm of the sea) almost at its lowest, and one or two white sea-birds hovering noiselessly about its muddy margin. The woods came down on either side of the bay to the very beach, except where stood the ruined sanctuary,

the mighty grave-stones of which were in many cases tilted up or broken across, so that a curious eye could detect the relics of mortality within them; but those inside the roofless chancel were still in good preservation, and protected by 'purgatorial rails' from all but the weeds, which cropped out abundantly over their greening effigies and mouldering brasses. After we had surveyed these things—by no means for the first time—and were sitting on the ruined jetty upon which the prow of many a funereal galley laden with its awful burden had grated in old times, while the coronach swelled over the loch, Mr John Bobells gave utterance to this deliberate sentiment: 'Ah, Harry, we must all die!'

'Your remark,' said I, 'is true, John, doubtless; but scarcely what may be called ingenious or novel.'

'I myself shall not long be here, friend,' continued Mr Bobells pathetically, and shaking his head as though to very slow music.

'No,' said I, for I was determined not to humour him; 'the coach starts at seven A.M. to-morrow, and we're booked through—railway and all—to Edinburgh: it will be a journey of eleven hours.'

'I am going a longer journey in a shorter time,' returned my friend, almost too epigrammatically for pathos; 'I'm booked for somewhere else, Harry; I feel it.'

'You have been taking some of that white wine this morning, John Bobells,' replied I, indignantly: 'you have been talking to that confounded piper lately. What Highland humbug has he been trying on with you now?'

'Hush, Harry, hush,' whispered the unhappy man, laying his hand upon my sleeve; 'don't say that—it's an uncanny word. Don't talk about humbug in an eery place like this, where the bones of the Macgilly wassell—What's that?'

'It's the shadow of my umbrella, which I hope may never be less; you know you've lost yours, Bobells, haven't you? How hot it is! What with the mud there, and your friend the Macchingumbob lying yonder, I think this place must be unhealthy. Let us go.'

'Stop,' cried Bobells earnestly: 'I've something to say to you. I'd rather tell it here than anywhere. Listen to me, Harry; it is perhaps the last favour I shall ever ask of you.'

'I am glad of that, at all events,' remarked I contemptuously. 'What is it, John?'

'I have had a dream, Harry—a most awful dream; and one that never happens in these parts without something real to follow. I dreamed about this very place where we now are. I thought I saw a funeral procession, with a hearse preceding it, winding along to the kirkyard yonder. The faces of all the mourners were familiar to me, and you, Harry, were one of those who carried the pall. There was half the Stock Exchange there, in Highland costume, and almost every man whom I ever knew in my life. I went about, in my dream, from group to group, trying to find *myself*, who surely ought to have been there among so many friends. But I was *not* among them, Harry. Can you not guess? Do you not see at once where I must have been?'

'Of course,' said I, 'stupid; you must have been in bed.'

'Ah, but in my dream, in my spirit, I was in *that* hearse, Harry: I was the dead man himself!'

'How jolly it must have been then,' remarked I, cheerfully, 'when you woke and found that it was all rubbish; eh?'

'Hush, my friend; it was *not* rubbish,' returned Mr Bobells solemnly; 'it was a warning; it was what is called by some a "fetch," or ("By others a fiddlestick," remarked I, but he took no notice) "a peculiar species of second-sight that never fails. All the chiefs-tains have it, the piper tells me, and thereby they know at once—no matter how physically well they

may feel at the time—that they are going to die within six weeks.'

'That would be a capital time to insure one's life,' observed I. 'The English Companies, at all events, are not up to that yet: there are no questions asked about dreams in the office I belong to.'

'Don't laugh, Harry; you'll be sorry to have laughed a few weeks hence, perhaps. That is all I had to say; we will go now.'

And we went accordingly.

Inexplicable as it may seem, it was nevertheless true that my metropolitan friend did implicitly believe in this dream of his; and it was reducing him to so bad a state of health, that I began to dread its bringing its own fulfilment. As he lost all appetite for food, too, his taste for whusky seemed to increase; and from having been a temperate and well-conducted stock-broker, he bade fair, in time, to point the moral and adorn the tale of the Total Abstinence Society by one more 'shocking example.' The air of the Highlands, to which he had originally attributed this attachment, was not a whit less to be blamed in this respect than that of Edinburgh, where the doomed victim of second-sight astonished the natives themselves by his gifts and capabilities. No little coolness ensued between my friend and myself by reason of this his weakness, and I went my own way for the most part, while we sojourned at Edina's darling seat, and Mr Bobells went—or rather staggered—his.

One night I was sitting up at our hotel awaiting his return from a dinner-party at Newington—where I had myself declined to be present, and from which I hoped, but scarcely expected, that the English guest would come back sober—when I was startled by shrieks of laughter in the hall. A grotesque yet rather terrible spectacle there awaited me. A hearse with its nodding plumes and sable steeds was backing towards the porch, in order that its ghastly cargo might be more conveniently taken out or put in. Several undertakers' men, most of them intoxicated, and all of them in the highest spirits, surrounded the little door of the vehicle, in order to receive—the body. It was that of Mr John Bobells, 'uncoffined, unannealed,' but perfectly well dressed in the latest style of evening costume. The severe jolting he had received as inside passenger, during a very rapid transit, had a good deal sobered him, and he was quite aware of the position in which he found himself—the central figure of a grand torch-light funeral—without the least idea as to how he got there. The fact was, that tacking about Newington, in a vain endeavour to get to Princes Street, he had hailed what he thought was an omnibus, but was in reality a return-hearse; and the driver and assistants being in the state of exhilaration which invariably belongs to that class of persons when they have performed their lugubrious offices, and are clinging to the plumes on their way home, his request was complied with. Was he for inside, or out? was all they asked him, and upon his replying 'Insh-pashenger,' they put him inside.

When we got to our private room, I said: 'John Bobells, are you not ashamed of yourself? How will you ever hold up your head again?'

'My dear fellow,' answered he, 'I am delighted beyond measure at what has occurred, although I intend never more to touch that insidious liquid. If I had not been tipsy, I should not have wanted an omnibus; if I had not wanted an omnibus, I should not have taken a hearse; if I had not taken a hearse, a hearse must within a very short period have taken me. Now, you see, there is no necessity for my demise at all. My dream is fulfilled. The piper affirmed that I should be in my hearse within six weeks, and *the piper was right*. The great purposes of second-sight have been therefore satisfactorily accomplished.'

Mr John Bobells did *not* die, according to

expectation, but gave up whusky, took to trousers, and has become once more a decent member of the Stock Exchange.

THE GYPZI IN AFRICA.

In the year 1837, a young German missionary set out for Abyssinia, having in view, as the object of his life, the conversion to Christianity of such of the heathens of Eastern Africa as he could prevail on to accept his words. A nervous, petulant man he was, of somewhat fanatical opinions, but he did his best according to his lights, and we must be lenient to the shortcomings unavoidable to all human work. If not amiable, he was sincere; if not brave, he was self-sacrificing; and if somewhat liberal of carp and sneer at others, he did a goodly deed himself, and deserves well of his recorders.

From Suez to Jidda, from Jidda to Messowa, the chief seaport of Abyssinia, the missionary Krapf—the 'red man' or 'gypzi' to the Abyssinian—went on to Shoa, the Ethiopian Highlands. Here he found in full force the strange kind of Christianity which it has pleased the Abyssinians to adopt; and here he found that the king, Sahela Selassie, had been just forced by the Abuna, or Coptic Patriarch, who, pope-like, manages these matters in grand style, to accept a certain doctrine, which the recusant Shoans nicknamed the Knife-faith, because it cut off one of the three births which they ascribed to the Saviour, and allowed of only two. Sahela Selassie had had a hard fight to maintain his own doctrine; but as the Abuna pronounced it contrary to the teaching of St Mark, who founded the Abyssinian church, the Highland king was obliged to yield, and was now declared to be a worthy Christian according to the latest fashion. In spite of his Christianity, however, and the ideal monogamy taught by the church, Sahela Selassie had five hundred wives, with an insatiable desire for more. He generally concluded a bargain or a treaty with a new wife, and actually wished for an English princess, to consolidate his alliance with Great Britain! exclaims Krapf, the gypzi missionary, pale with horror.

The Abyssinians are inordinately superstitious; even their police rests on a certain kind of magic, and thief-catching is not a trade, but a power. The thief-catcher, the Lebaashi, is the servant of the state; and when a man has been robbed or wronged, he sends to the Lebaashi, with a request that he will right him. The Abyssinian Vidooq then gives his servant a certain dose of black meal, made with milk, on which he makes him smoke tobacco, and which presently puts him into a frenzy. He begins by crawling on his hands and knees from house to house, smelling as he goes, the Lebaashi holding him by a cord fastened tight round his body. At last he comes to a house, which he smells at vigorously, then crawls into the master's room, flings himself on the bed, and goes to sleep. The Lebaashi after awhile awakens him with blows, and the master of the house is arrested and taken to the priests, who thereupon make the loser of the property swear that he will not assess his loss at more than the just value; but whatever that assessment may be, and whether he himself is innocent or guilty, the unlucky man in whose house the frenzied servant of the Lebaashi has smelt plunder, and gone to sleep, is forced to pay. Every one tries to be on good terms with this Shoon Jonathan Wild, and perhaps no one in the country is more feared or better liked than he. It is said that the king one day tested his powers by making his page steal a garment, which he hid in a certain house. The Lebaashi and his Delphic servant crawled and smelt as usual, and found where the coat was hidden, to the great edification of the king, and the consolidation of the office of thief-catching.

Strange tales are told of the countries and the tribes lying south of Shoa. In one place are remnants

of a traditional Christianity, where the people do not work on the Sabbath, and where they observe the festivals of Michael, George, and Gabriel. At another is a lake with five islands, tenanted by monks, who are the possessors of certain ancient Ethiopic books, worth perhaps a fortune to hierologists and eastern critics. But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm, bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive colour, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor ordinary human food. They live only on ants, mice, and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits; they let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear to pieces their favourite snakes. They do not marry, but live the indiscriminate lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. The Dokos are invaluable as slaves, and are taken in large numbers. The slave-hunters hold up bright-coloured clothes as soon as they come to the moist, warm, bamboo woods where these human monkeys live; and the poor Dokos cannot resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowd round them, and are taken in thousands. In slavery, they are docile, attached, obedient, with few wants, and excellent health. They have only one fault—a love for ants, mice, and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground, and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical posture when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos seem to come nearest of all peoples yet discovered to that terrible cousin of humanity—the ape.

Kaffa, which must be traversed before the land of the Dokos is reached—setting out from Shoa—is another semi-Christian land, under the command of Queen Balli and her fighting-son, Gomarra. Balli seems to be a kind of African Queen Bess, with a strong hand and a cool head, managing her home affairs with energy and discretion, while her son and general is away at the frontiers fighting everybody, and conquering almost as often as he fights. Whenever she appears abroad, the people are required to make Sir Walter Raleighs of themselves, and strew her path with clothes; but as cotton is cheap, it is not such a ruinous manner of paying court after all. To strew her path with salt would have been worse, for salt is money in Kaffa, and very dear money too; five pieces here having only the same value as twenty pieces in Shoa. Slaves are sold for salt; horses, food, clothing, service, are bought for salt; leopard skins and civet, glass beads, printed cottons, knives, and nails, and scissors, looking-glasses, and bits of copper—all the ordinary objects of trade and barter are to be had for salt, which is rent and consols, long annuities, mortgages, and interest, our whole banking system in a portable epitome. There is a strange custom in Kaffa respecting husbands and wives, not unlike the Spartan usages of the first years of marriage. They are forced to live completely apart, at least during the day. The husband has a public room, where he lives in the sight of all men, and where his wife never appears; and should she so far forget all the sacred duties and holy virtues of her sex, as to eat and drink there with him, she would have to suffer a five years' imprisonment, as the lightest punishment adapted for so grave a crime.

In Senjero, another of the 'unexplored countries south of Shoa,' only women are sold into slavery: men are exempt. This custom takes its rise from an old story of how once 'a wife cruelly murdered her husband at the request of the king of the country.'

At first, the king is said to have desired the husband, who was of high rank, to kill his wife, and bring him a piece of her flesh, which had been indicated by the soothsayers as a sure cure for the sick monarch. The husband, fascinated by the beauty of his wife, was unwilling to obey the royal command. The king therefore commanded the wife to murder her husband, which she did without hesitation. Since that time, it has been the custom to sell women into slavery into other countries; but when male slaves are transported beyond Senjero, they are said generally to commit suicide by hanging themselves. Women and children are also offered up as sacrifices. The slave-dealers fling one of the most beautiful of their human cargo into the Lake Umo, before they leave Senjero; and many families must offer up their first-born sons, because once upon a time summer and winter were jumbled together, and the soothsayers ordered this as a remedy. A great pillar of iron stood then at the entrance to the capital: this pillar of iron was somehow connected with the confusion of the seasons, and was broken by the order of the chief magicians, who furthermore ordained that at stated times human blood was to be poured upon the broken shaft and on the throne; and the blood of certain first-born sons is taken for the purpose.

A fine manly warlike race are the Gallas, who one day poured down from the interior of Africa, and conquered some of the finest portions of Abyssinia without much trouble. Their own name, by which they distinguish themselves, is Oroma—brave, strong men; but the Arabs and Abyssinians call them Gallas, or immigrants. The Abyssinians understood the meaning of *divide et impera*; and when the Gallas quarrelled among themselves, they quietly dispossessed them, tribe after tribe, and made themselves masters of their conquerors. Had the Gallas not broken up their own bundle of sticks, the Abyssinians could not have done so. The Gallas are large and powerful, savage and fierce-looking, with long black hair flowing like a mane over their shoulders; their colour is a deep coffee-brown, and they are extremely intelligent, fetching more than any other East African slaves brought to market. Their bodies and their long upper garment—like a Roman toga in shape and fold—they smear thickly with butter, whereby they make themselves intensely offensive; and the women hang coral by way of ornament on the leathern skirt which does duty for gown, crinoline, and everything else. The more wealthy indeed wear a large upper garment over this skirt, 'which makes them look like European women.' All the Gallas ride, for it is a degradation to go on foot, and their steeds are inexhaustible. The women cling behind their husbands, when they are not separately mounted, and gallop beside them; and their horses are small, of beautiful colour, very swift, but unshod. The Gallas are immense talkers, and make long speeches for hours together, with great gesticulation; they live in round huts roofed with grass sods, and generally enclosed by a low stone-wall. Their climate is remarkably delicious and healthy, the average temperature being 56 degrees Fahrenheit, and the mean range from 46 to 70 degrees. They grow rye, wheat, barley, and Indian corn; and for a dollar, you can buy as much rye or barley as a camel can carry. The capabilities of the country of the Gallas are inexhaustible, and will surely some day be made subservient to civilisation and human progress.

The Gallas have both priests and magicians: the first called Lubas; the second, Kalijas. The Lubas conduct the prayers and sacrifices to Waka, made once a year under the shadow of the holy tree Woda Nabi (*Ficus sycomorus*), by the river Hawash, where the whole tribe assembles, drinking beer, smoking tobacco, and offering up sheep and oxen. The Lubas lead the prayer, which is generally in this wise:

'O Wak, give us children, tobacco, corn, cows, oxen,

and sheep. Preserve us from sickness, and help us to slay our enemies, who make war upon us, the Sidama (Christians), and the Islama (Mohammedans). O Waka, take us to thee, lead us into the garden, lead us not to Setani (Satan), and not into the fire.' Then the Lubas augur from the entrails of goats whether the Gallas are to be conquerors or conquered this coming year: if the entrails are red, sorrow will be among the Oroma, for they are to be conquered by the perfidious Sidama. During this rite, the Lubas let their hair float wildly from beneath their copper circlets, they carry a bell in their hand, and look not unlike the ancient Romans come to life again in the distant African woods. The duties of the Kalijas are to cast out evil spirits from the sick, for every malady is 'possession' by a demon, or *asir*, of which there are eighty-eight, governed by two chiefs, each with forty-three specially belonging to him. 'The Kalija hangs dried entrails of the goat round his neck, carries a bell and whip in his hand, offers a sacrifice to a serpent, which is being fed in the house on milk, rubs grease on the sick man, smokes him with aromatic herbs, cries aloud with a horrible noise, gives him at the same time some smart strokes with a whip, and thus endeavours to cast out the evil spirit and to cure the patient.'

The Oroma believe in a life after death, but say that the Christians, the Mohammedans, and the Oroma go to different places, where each is rewarded by Waka, or punished with fire. Waka is their deity, an invisible and beautiful being; and they also pay veneration to 'Maremma (Maria), Balawold (Jesus Christ), Sanbata (Sunday), Kedami (Saturday), Maddin (Saviour of the world), Selassie (the Trinity), Girgis (St George), Dablos (the Devil), who torments the possessed, Sintan or Setani (Satan), who brings death, disease, and misfortune, &c.' The Virgin Mary, too, they call Wakain (the mother of God)—all of which they have got from the Abyssinians. The southern or equatorial Gallas have no trace of these names; they pay great veneration, though, to serpents everywhere, feeding them with milk, and regarding them as somehow connected with Waka and divine life. They do not eat fish, because they hold them to be of the serpent species—and should a people eat the cousins of their gods?—neither do they eat fowls, which are of the vulture species, and unclean. If a man slay a man of his tribe, he must pay a fine of a thousand oxen; should he slay a mere woman, fifty will do—an ox being estimated at from one to two dollars. It is not often that we can get to so precise a tariff of the relative value of the two sexes.

The Wollo-Gallas, composed of seven tribes, and occupying the countries between the north and south of Abyssinia, are fanatical Mussulmans, with a dash of the heathen savage, to give them distinction and individuality. These Wolloes are much given to certain friendly meetings, which they hold on Thursday and Friday mornings, when they have prayers, coffee, chat (a kind of tea, not gossip), and plenty of tobacco. They call these meetings *scodaja*—unions or preservatives of friendship; and believe that they receive certain spiritual revelations therein. But these spiritual revelations are nothing but prophetic foreshadowings of the result of their military expeditions, or prayers for more cows, clothes, &c., with an increase of power and dominion to their chief. At such a meeting as this—at a *wodaja*—a priest received a revelation that the missionary Krapf, the gypzi, was to be plundered of all he possessed; and his hearers were only too willing to act on that divine teaching.

Amongst these tribes, then, the German gypzi set out to work, halting in his labours for just one brief moment, while he went back to marry a lady who had been betrothed to a missionary that died, and whom, therefore, Krapf had not had the smallest idea of loving or marrying before; but because he found that a wifeless

missionary could not prosper in his work, and also because the lady had been betrothed to one missionary, and might therefore be induced to accept another as a substitute, he turned back and married her, in a philosophic, phlegmatic spirit truly German. The hardships of this savage-life soon killed the poor creature, and she died, leaving one little daughter buried in the desert, another laid in the grave beside her at Mombaz. And then the gypsy, missionary Krapf, went off to Wanika-land, where he was received with shrieks and cries, dancing, singing, brandishing of arrows, and the like, and with a crowd of vermin quite unparalleled even in the annals of African vermin.

The Wanika are in a sadly backward condition; they say, 'There is no God, since he is not to be seen. The Wanika need trouble themselves about nothing except cocoa-wine, corn, rice, Indian corn, and clothes—these are their heaven.' The Wakamba live among the Wanika. Naked, vigorous, drunken, energetic, they live as a race apart, neither marrying nor given in marriage, but each race preserving its own characteristics, quite distinct from the other. When the Wakamba go into the Wanika villages, they condescend to put on a little clothing, and they allow the Wanika to bury their dead, paying them a cow for each burial. In their own up-country, they simply throw their dead into the fields and woods, covering them with stones and grass—a primitive kind of burial, but one which the Wanika are too advanced, savage as they are, to allow.

The Wanika have one very horrible custom: when the young men have reached a certain age, they smear their bodies and faces with a white or gray earth, a process by which they are as effectually disguised as by a mask; they then go to the woods completely naked, and there they remain until they have killed a man, when they wash themselves, and return home to a Wanika carouse. Every age has its stated periods of festivity, when the mysteries of life are celebrated by gluttony and drunkenness. One day the chief of the Wanika went to Krapf, and advised him to keep his door close shut, as the Muansa was to roar. When Krapf wanted to know what the Muansa really was, no one would tell him. They tried to make him believe that it was a wild beast roaring in the forest, as they make the people at large believe; but missionary Krapf said it was nothing but the stem of a tree hollowed out, and made to give forth frightful sounds by rubbing. No one, not even an elder, is allowed to see the Muansa; if women and children were to see it, they would instantly fall dead, or the women would be childless for ever. Whoever, not specially summoned, hears the Muansa begin to roar, must hide in the wood or in his own house; and if he is so rash as to come forth, he must be fined a cow and a couple of oxen. 'It is evident that the elders use this instrument to retain the people in fear or subjection; for the Muansa forms the centre of civic and religious life; and when the Wanika sacrifice and pray for rain, or are going to strangle a misshapen child in the wood, or promulgate any new laws, it is always brought into play.' Only certain persons can buy the secret of the Muansa, for it is to be bought with a grand feast and large-handed donations of food; and those who have got possession of the instrument rank high among their countrymen, and count as aristocrats of the first order.

The Wanika have four ordeals—1. The ordeal of the hatchet; 2. Of the copper kettle; 3. Of the needle; 4. Of the piece of bread. In the first, the heated hatchet is passed by the magician four times over the flat hand of the accused, after he has repeated these words: 'If I have stolen the property of — (naming the person), or committed this crime, let Mulungu (Heaven) respond for me; but if I have not stolen, nor done this wickedness, may He save me.' If the hand is not burned, Mulungu has pronounced

him innocent, and he goes free. The ordeal of the copper kettle is somewhat like that of the hatchet, but with more solemnities. A copper kettle is made red hot, and a stone, called mango, which emits sparks, is cast into it; the magician adds a certain part of a slaughtered goat, and calls to the accused: 'Come, say thy prayer;' the accused answering, 'May God let me have justice.' Then he puts his hand into the kettle, and takes out the stone, and if he is guilty, his hand and face are burned; but if innocent, he is whole. The ordeal of the needle is simply by means of a red-hot needle, tolerably thick, which the magician draws through the lips of the accused: if innocent, no blood flows; if guilty, there is a plentiful stream. In the ordeal of the piece of bread, the accused eats a bit of poisoned bread: if innocent, he eats it easily, and without after evil; if guilty, it will stick in his throat, and can only be ejected with considerable pain and loss of blood. All these ordeals are very like our own mediæval actions of advocacy; while the last is identical with the Hindu custom of finding out the guilty thief in use at this day. The Wanika destroy all deformed children as soon as they are born, asserting that they will become criminal, if suffered to live; and indeed no parent would nurture them. Missionary Krapf saw a poor little one who had been born with six fingers, but without nose or lips, and it was strangled in the wood; Muansa roaring, and a sacrifice being offered to avert the harm that might come upon the land because a rogo (a misbirth) had entered into it. As the Wanika hold to the doctrine of transmigration, their practice of strangling misshapen children, in the belief that they have been and will be again criminals, is invested with a religiousness and solemnity quite beyond the savage's ordinary dislike to weakness and incapacity. The gypsy preached earnestly against the practice, but even the mothers withstood him, and upheld the justice and morality of their custom.

ENGLAND'S LIBERTY.

OUR freedom is no wild exotic scheme,
Framed by a nation that has burst its chain,
But is still hampered by the broken rein
That curbed it formerly; it is no dream,
Faultlessly logical, of minds which deem
That men are led by reason's voice alone.
No, 'tis the natural growth of the seed sown,
Almost unconsciously, by men who seem
Like giants in their manliness. It grew
With every want of each succeeding age,
Increasing as each age became more true
To those great principles which first the sage
Saw dimly. Now it has escaped the rage
Of kings, lords, priests—yea, of the people too.

F. T. M.

On Saturday, the 5th of January 1861, will be
commenced in this Journal,

A STORY.

ENTITLED

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of 'The Bateman Household,' &c. &c.

To be continued every week until completed.

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